splintered fragments across the gulch

SPOT." HE HALF CALLED, HALL

WHIMPERED. "POOR OLD SPOT."

# SPY FALLS IN LOVE AND FALLS BY LOVE

English Girl to Whom Costa **Revealed Secret Was** Set to Trail Him.

ENGAGED TO WED HER WHEN POLICE SEIZE HIM

himself on the breast and looked proudly into the eyes of the officer who questioned him.

"But the woman said----" Costa turned and looked out of the narrow window of the old Prison de la Sante. When he again faced the officer there were traces of tears in his black eyes. He nodded his head. "The woman," said he, slowly. "The woman."

#### Typical Career as Spy.

Costa was not much of a spy. Not

carried.

One of them spoke to him one day:
"Do you speak English?" he asked.
"Because there is an English girl in
trouble in the next compartment."
She was blue eyed, pretty, and young.
Not of the babyish sort. Perfectly able
to take care of herself under ordinary

These conditions were not ordinary.

These conditions were not ordinary. She had lost her papers and she feared she could not pass the frontier.

The remainder of the episode is uninteresting, except that Constantin fell in love with her. They were to have been married some time this month and settle down in Paris.

Constantin said he might have to travel a good deal, but after the war his business would be better. He had an office at 118 Boulevard Haussmann, but he only visited it nowadays to get his mail.

"I have found something better while the war lasts," said he.

#### Reveals His Secret.

Eventually, of course, he told what the something better was. After years spent

something better was. After years spent in making money and spending it, in every quarter of the globe, he had settled down in Paris just before the war.

When he found himself ruined he did not take kindly to the hand-to-mouth bustling of his earlier years. He had become accustomed to good hotels and good dinners and vintage wines.

But it did not occur to him to become a spy until he went broke in Berlin. He almost starved there.

The one thing he did not sell was his beat suit of clothes. It helped him to make connection with the Wilhelmstrasse, where such talents as his are appreciated. "Go to Antwerp," he was told, "and report yourself to Mme. Doktor."

That, of course, is a nom de guerre. "Mme. Doktor" is the head of one branch of the German spy systeem. But she is not known in Antwerp or anywhere else except in the dosler of Costa's case as "Mme. Doktor."

Her next door neighbor in Antwerp may think her as a pleasant little old lady with a passion for roses or as a young widow mourning her husband killed in the war. No one here knows who Mme. Doktor is, except the secret service officers charged with finding out more about her than Costa told.

Sent to Paris as Spy.

### Sent to Paris as Spy.

Mme. Doktor gave him 3,000 france and sent him to Paris, with the usual instructions to report the movement of troops and boats and the state of popular feeling, and any other odds and lar feeling, and any other odds and ends of information he came across.

At first he was high in favor with the woman chief of spies. He furnished her some excellent information. Later he began to get timid, although the German government had seen to it that he was furnished with papers of identity as a neutral friendly to the allied cause, which gained him admission almost everywhere.

"You are afraid," said Mme. Doktor. "Bring me more information or—"

Mme. Doktor smiled. There was something in that smile that alarmed Costa. Spies fear many things, because so many things happen to spies. He promised to do more—to take more chances—to get about in forbidden territory.

chances—to get about in forbidden territory.

It was on his return to France that he met the pretty little English girl. The rest of the story unyolls itself on conventional lines.

He even fought the guards that wakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning to stand before the rifles at Vincennes. He tried to curl up his toes, so they could not get his shoes on, and atruggled to keep them from thrusting him into his coat—anything to gain one little sordid hour of life.

Spies usually do, they say. They seldup, even to giving the firing squad the word.

As he stepped out of the fourgon— the wagon that hauls the condemned to the place where they are to meet death— he turned to the priest who had been

muttering rapid prayers in his ear. A gendarme heard him speak: "Now." said Constantin Condonyan "I knew why she wept so when she good-bye."

# THE DAILY STORY JIM KYLE, STRATEGIST.

Old Jim Kyle dozed in the sun before the door of his little quartz mill. At his feet a tame civet cat, rolled into a furry ball of black and white, slept uneasily. Behind them the two 500-pound stamps crashed with ear-splitting

Suddenly the old man laughed aloud.
"That was sure a funny show," he chuckled, referring to a local talent benefit held in Placer City a few nights before. "Who'd ever thought them miners but this is the only place for the big will." kled, referring to a local talent bene-



country's civilized now, and, besides, the little bunch I got here weighs nearly 500 pounds. That's some load for burglars to carry off."

"Yes, but they could have mules," argued Bill. "Wow!" he yelled, as Jim's pet darted between his legs. "Say, Jim, that skunk'il scare me to death yet."

His employer laughed. "Huh, he wouldn't hurt anybody—he's just like a house cat. Why, I've had Spot over five years and he's about the best friend I got. Do you know"—and the old man mounted a hobby—"he's awful smart. Why, the little rascal drags in stove wood and tries to sweep the floor with his tail. I was offered \$100 for him once, but I never 'ud think of parting with him. Don't know how he'll get along without me. There'll sure be some ruction if anything happens to him while I'm gone."

Bill betrayed his lack of confidence by moving farther away. "Spose the new mill'll be up by the time you get back," he ventured.

"Yes, said Jim, "and I wish I knew"

bandits were halfway between him and the mill.

What could he do? Might he not tell them the gold was under the ore bins and —. He glanced over his shoulder toward the mill.

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What could he do? Might he not tell them the gold was under the ore bins and —. He glanced over his shoulder toward the mill.

A lifetime of conflicting hell was crowding into the next second, for, like an electric spark, the solution flashed, all reasoned out, into the old man's brain. It was a chance! Could man's brain. It was offered \$100 for him once, but I never do the best friend proved the mill.

No, he would give them the gold. Then memory pictured the years of toil

rock.

The report of the gun was not heard
It was drowned in a surging roar tha
carried down to Reeka, thirty miles
away. Jim Kyle's quartz mill flew it

Fought Against Arrest and Showed

Yellow Streak—Pays Penalty With Life.

Steve Daley, 'cause he's a gambler, could do it all right. But there was some hero. Gosh, I never could lie like he did! 'He says to the villain: 'Then papers is in that desk,' and they wasn't—they was in his pocket all the time. Funny how a man can keep his face straight and lie like that."

A large man with a box on his shoulder and a package in his hands appearate vincennes yesterday.

"I am no spy," Costa declared, dramatically, when he was first interrogated.

Once Costa had been an actor. He read his last lines well. He struck himself on the breast and looked proud
The tiny, catlike animal scampered back, and Jim stroked its head as he street to attract his sate only place for the big mill."

"Put a box of powder under her," suggested the blacksmith, as he start-ed down the trail. "That 'ud be a fit-ting end."

After Bill had gone the old miner went inside his mill. He looked to see that the ore was feeding properly into the crusher, and from there into the stamps under the great hammers. His sharp eyes darted here and there, finally resting upon the plates over which the muddy slime was washing.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" he exchanged into the open to watch the newcomer.

"Here, Spot," called the old man, "Bill don't like you. Says you look too much like that hydrophoby skunk they killed down at White's camp."

The tiny, catlike animal scampered back, and Jim stroked its head as he sun and resumed his dreaming, while spot, neglected, tried to attract his attention. The little animal spranged the blacks and they was not the says to the villain: "Then papers is in that desk,' and they wasn't—they was in his share and lie like that."

Alarge man with a box on his shoulders, his share peyes darted here and there, finally resting upon the plates over which the muddy slime was washing.

"A hundred thousand ollars!" he addown the trail. Side of the vent inside his mill. The little down the trail. That 'und be a fit-tion enter. The li

Old Jim went back to his seat in the sun and resumed his dreaming, while Spot, neglected, tried to attract his attention. The little animal sprang upon the box that the blacksmith had brought and began worrying the burlap-covered package.

"Here, you, Spot!" yelled the old man. "You let that be. That's caps what they use to shoot powder with. It'll blow you up."

Spot pat being used to such barsh.

Spot, not being used to such harsh language, jumped off the box and ran around the mill. In a moment he was back to the corner, peering at his old friend with his beady black eyes. Cautiously he advanced two jerky steps at a time until he was once more beside the box. He gave the package a sly tug and threw a mischievous glance at his master. But Jim had forgotten him; he had relapsed into his doze and was dream-

(lumba)

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That the Columbia Grafonola

VIEW OF STRUGGLE

Wildest Imagination Has Never Conceived Such Difficulties as on Italian Front.

WORK OF RED CROSS **NURSES REMARKABLE"** 

Ambassador Page, on Returning to Rome, Tells of Fighting Amid Snow-Covered Heights.

ROME via Paris, September 24, 1:40 .m.-Thomas Nelson Page, the American ambassador, who has just returned after spending two weeks at the front, was received by King Victor Emmanue while there. He has written the fol lowing statement for the Associated

"I was glad to get permission t visit the Italian front—so different from the other fronts, in that it is moun ainous. I was especially glad of th ice and observe the needs for which our people are contributing through the Red Cross and in other ways.

"I saw the front with which I was familiar in happier and more peaceful times. Though it is impossible to give details, my wildest imagination had never a needed before the difficulties.

Structle Amid A.

THIRTY-FIFTH STREET between P and Q streets northwest—Luke E.

Murtaugh to Martin I. Wilbert, lot 177, square 1274; \$10.

LANIER HEIGHTS—Carl H. Smith et ux. Helen S., to Israel S. Miller, lot 458, square 2583; \$10.

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Structle Amid A.

Structle Am pportunity to see the hospital serv-

Struggle Amid Mountain Tops. "It is simply fantastic Whateve

may be the conditions on other fronts. they cannot exceed the difficulties of

of my trip. Indeed, a raid took place the night I was there against a nearby railway junction. The whirring of the motors in the sky and the firing of anti-aircraft guns were strange in the once lovely city. Venice is now quite different from what I recall, when it was crowded with tourists and the canals resounding

#### Great Damage Wrought.

"I noted that the roof of the Santa Maria Formosa was gone and also that ceiling of San Paolo was shattered Likewise there was not a window left in large number of hotels.

a large number of hotels.

"The hospitals I visited impressed me anew with the fact that in this terrible war the only light that shows advance since other wars is the care and cure of the wounded. I am also happy to know that our people are doing all they can to relieve the suffering."

#### Real Estate Transfers

NOS. 1018, 1020 AND 10201/2 7TH STREET SOUTHWEST-Joseph A. Seligman et al. to Millie Herman undivided two-thirds interest in lots

49, 50 and 51, square 471; \$10. OS. 928 AND 930 C STREET SOUTH WEST AND 1239 AND 1241 3D STREET SOUTH-EAST—Millie Herman et al. to Helen Herman, undivided two-thirds interest in part lot A, square 385, and part fot 30, square 770; \$10. O. 474 MARYLAND AVENUE SOUTH

NO. 444 MARYLAND AVENUE SOUTH-WEST AND 731 AND 733 H STREET SOUTHEAST—Helen Herman et al. to Joseph A. Seligman, undivided two-thirds interest in east half lot T, square 492, and lots 53 and 54, square 737; \$10. THIRTY-FIFTH STREET between P and Q streets northwest—Luke E.

FLORIDA AVENUE between 7th and 8th streets northeast—David J. Dunigan to Ernest M. Seaman, lot 50. square 886; \$10.
CHEVY CHASE—James K. Jones et ux., Annie T., to Lillie C. Drury, lots 31 and 32. square 1867; \$10.
SIXTEENTH STREET between C and D streets southeast—Katherine B. Holtzman to Charles and Grace Schlosser, lot 69, square 1074; \$10.
NO. 215 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE SOUTHEAST—Union Trust Company, executor, to James A. Donohoe, part original lot 11, square 762; \$5,500.

WEST HOLMEAD MANOR-Jessie I. Mohler to M. Elizabeth Williams, lot 39, square south of 2827; \$10. LANIER HEIGHTS—Sophie L. Searight to Julius I. Peyser, lot 379:

ROOKLAND-Arthur J. Williams et ex., Annie F., to John J. Williams part lot 1, block 39; \$10.

OLMEAD MANOR—W. Preston Williamson to Bessie K. Harrison, lot 119, block 46; \$10.
OUNT PLEASANT—Thomas H. MOUNT PLEASANT—Thomas H.
Yeager et ux., Nettie K., to Charles
E. Tribby, lot 668; \$10.
FOURTEENTH STREET TERRACE—
Herbert T. Shannon and Morton J.
Luchs to Harry S. and Bessie B.
Welch, lot 27, square 2715; \$10.
INDOLENCE—Sallie B. Jenkins to
Hannah T. Donovan, lot 23, square
2703; \$10.

LLIANCE-Michael J. Colbert and R. to the one I am having made.

Pickford, part tract; \$3,700.
ALLIANCE—William H. Wetzel et ux.,
Mary V., to Roy H. Pickford, part
tract; \$1.
ALLEY between D and E streets, South
Capitol and 1st streets southeast—
Hezekiah LeG. Padgett to Kachel M.
Padgett, lot 35, square 623; \$1. By Degrees.

"My dear, isn't that dress a trifle extreme? She-Extreme! Why I put this on in order that you may become accustomed



26 EXTRA FEATURES 73 NEW CONCEPTIONS 7 NEW-TYPE BODIES



127-INCH WHEELBASE 48 HORSEPOWER

# 500 Exhibition Cars

Luxury Bodies, Designed for January Shows

The Mitchell Company is building just 500 enclosed carsexactly like designs perfected for next season's Shows. Some of them are now on exhibit here—the most luxurious bodies you have ever seen. Come and see their unique attractions.

are only 500 of these bodies built. The demand for Mitchell open models has trebled in a year. For months it has called for more cars than this factory could turn out.

So no city will have more than a few of these luxury models. And those who get them will have the smartest cars seen this fall and winter.

## 257 Models in One

John W. Bate, the great efficiency expert, took charge of this body-designing.

First, he had his experts and artists examine 257 this year models—all the finest cars produced in Europe and America. So these new Mitchells combine all the new ideas, all the luxuries and attractions known to fine body-building. Each has a score of features and touches which no other one car has.

#### The Favorite Types

The favorite types-the all-weather models-are made in three designs.

One is the Springfield type of Touring Sedan-a dainty, roomy Sedan whose windows drop, creating an open Tour-

ing Car. One is a Cabriolet-a warm, cozy Coupe, which changes to an open

One is a new-type Demountable Top.

The Mitchell Limousine, with seats for seven, is a magnificent production. All the plate glass windows drop. The Mitchell Coupe,

MITCHELL MODELS 3-passenger Roadster, \$1325

Equipped with Demountable Top Only, \$300 Extra ssenger Cabriolet, 4-passenger Coupe, \$1850 7-passenger Springfield Sedan, \$1985 7-passenger Limousine, \$2650

5-passenger Touring Car, 7-passenger Touring Car, \$1325 \$1360

luxuries. All Bate Creations

All these extra-fine bodies, like the Mitchell chassis, are due to John W. Bate. Like every detail of the Mitchell, they typify his ideas of efficiency.

Mr. Bate has made in the Mitchell car more than 700 improvements. He has brought every part to his idea of perfection. He has given every part at least 50 per cent over-strength.

For the heavily strained parts he uses Chrome Vanadium steel. For 440 parts he uses drop forgings or steel stampings—three times as strong as castings. He uses almost no castings.

The result is a lifetime car. Seven of them have averaged 175,000 miles apiece-over 30 years of ordinary service.

Mr. Bate also built this model Mitchell factory, and equipped it with model machinery. The result is a saving of 50 per cent on our factory cost.

You get in the Mitchell, because of this saving, at least 20 per cent extra value. You get 26 features which other cars omit.

Come and see this car equipped with these exhibition bodies. Come now, because our allotment is small. We shall not have them long on show.

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